



Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

Joseph Levesque, tenor

accompanied by

Corey Hamm, piano

with

Amritha Fernandes, violin

Paul Radosh, cello

Allison Storoichuk, clarinet

Friday, February 18, 1994 at 8 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Program

Ich hebe meine Augen auf zu den Bergen (1722)

Georg Phillip Telemann
(1681-1767)

Amritha Fernandes, violin

Paul Radosh, cello

Ridonami la calma

Vorrei

La Serenata

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Poème d'Avril (1866)

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Interval

D'une Prison (1895)

Fumée (1895)

Infidélité (1895)

Mai (pub. 1911)

Reynaldo Hahn
(1875-1947)

From **Eichendorff Lieder:**

Der Musikant (1888)

Die Nacht (1880)

Das Stänchen (1888)

Der Schreckenberger (1888)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Variation on the Word *Sleep* (1993)

Joseph Levesque
(b. 1971)

Allison Storochuk, clarinet

Paul Radosh, cello

But not for me (from *Crazy Girl*) (1930)

Soon (1927)

By Strauss (1936)

George Gershwin
(1898-1937)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Levesque.

Mr Levesque is recipient of the Beryl Barns Undergraduate Awards.

Texts and Translations

Ich hebe meine Augen auf zu den Bergen (Psalm 121)

Ich hebe meine Augen auf zu den Bergen,
von welchen mir Hilfe Kommt.
Meine Hilfe kommt von Herrn,
der Himmel und Erde gemacht hat.
Er wir deinen Fuß nicht gleiten lassen;
und der dich behütet, schläfet nicht.
Siehe, siehe der Hüter Israels
Schläfet noch schlummert nicht.
Der Herr behütet dich; der Herr ist dein Schatten
über deiner rechten Hand,
daß dich des Tages die Sonne nicht steche
noch der Mond des Nachts.
Der Herr behüte dich vor allem Übel,
er behüte deine Seele,
der Herr behüte deinen Ausgang und Eingang,
von nun an bis in Ewigkeit.

Ridonami la calma! (Ricci)

Ave Maria, per l'aria va il suon d'una campana.
Sorge Venere pur e solitaria da la selva lontana.
Oh! come si diffonde del vespero la pace!
La rondine ritorna a le sue gronde
e là s'addorme e tace.
Resta un murmure lento di mille voci strane.
Forse tra i fiori e tra le siepi
il vento racconta storie arcane.
Chi sa quanti pensieri in quel susurro grato!
Il vento canta e sopra i cimiteri
e i giardini è passato.
Ave Maria, nel core comm'è dolce la sera?
Tu sai che nei tormenti.
dell'amore è schietta la preghiera;
ond'io, nel cielo fiso lo sguardo umido e l'anima:
"Ridonanmi, ti prego, il mio sorriso;
Ridonami la calma!"

Vorrei (Fiori)

Vorrei, allor, che tu pallido e muto pieghi la fronte
tra le mani e pensi
e ti splendon
su l'animo abbattuto i vani sogni
e i desideri immensi, vorrei.
Vorrei per incantesimi d'amore
pianamente venire a 'l tuo richiamo, e,
su di te piegando come n fiore,
con dolce voce susurrarti: Io t'amo!
Vorrei di tutte le mie sciolte chiome cingerti
con lentissima carezza,
e sentirmi da te chiamere a nome,
verderti folle de la mia bellezza, vorrei.

I lift up my eyes to the mountains

I lift up my eyes to the mountains,
from where comes my help.
My help comes from the Lord,
who made Heaven and Earth.
May he never allow you to stumble;
and let him not sleep, your guard.
No, Israel's guard
sleeps not nor slumbers.
The Lord is your guard;
the Lord is your shade over your right hand,
that by day the sun shall not smite you
nor the moon in the night.
the Lord will guard you from all evil,
he will guard your soul,
the Lord will guard your going and coming,
both now and forever.

Return to me, calm!

Hail Mary, the sound of the bell travels on the air.
On the far away forest pure and solitary Venus shines.
Oh! like place spreads itself in the evening!
the swallow returns to his caves
and there falls asleep and is silent.
Of one thousand odd voices a slow murmur rests.
Perhaps among flowers and among hedgest
the wind tells again the mysterious stories.
Who knows all the thoughts in that pleasant whisper!
the wind sings and passes on the cemeteries and the
gardens.
Hail Mary, is the night sweet like in my heart?
You know that in the torments
Of love prayer is sincere;
Whence I, in heaven fix a moist glance and the soul:
"Return to me, I pray you, my smile;
Return to me calm!"

I would like

I would like, then, that you, pallid and silent,
to place your face between your hands and think
of the vain dreams of the
killed soul which shine on you,
of their immense desires, I would like.
I would like for the enchantments of love
to come quietly to your memory, and,
bending toward you like a flower,
whisper with sweet voice: I love you!
I would like all of my flowing hair to enclose you
with my slow caresses,
and to feel you call me by name,
to see you insane with my beauty, I would like.

La Serenata (Cesareo)

Vola, o serenata: La mi ra diletta è sola,
e, con la bella testa abbandonata,
posa tra lenzuola: O serenata, vola.
Splende pura la luna, l'ale il silenzio stende,
e dietro i veli dell'alcova bruna
la lampada s'accende, Pura la luna splende.
Vola, o serenata, vola. Ah! là. Ah! là.
Vola, o serenata: la mia diletta è sola;
ma sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata, torna fra le lenzuola:
O Serenata, vola
L'onda sogna su 'l lido, e 'l vento su la fronda;
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido la mia signora bionda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.
Vola, o serenata, vola. Ah! là.

Poème d'Avril (Silvestre)

I. Prélude

Une rose frileuse, au coeur noyé de pluie,
Sur un rameau tremblant vient de s'épanouir
Et je me sens repris de la douce folie
De faire des chansons et de me souvenir!
Les amours trépassés qui dormaient dans mon âme,
Doux Lazare sur qui j'ai tant versé de pleurs,
Soulèvent, en riant, leur suaire de fleurs,
Et demandent le nom de ma nouvelle dame.
Ma mignonne aux yeux bleus, mets ta robe et fuyons
Sous les bois remplis d'ombre et de mélancolie
Chercher le doux remède à la douce folie.
Le soleil m'a blessé de ses premiers rayons!

II.

Les Etoiles éffarouchées
Viennent de s'envoler des cieux.
J'en sais deux qui se sont cachées,
Mignonne, dans vos jolis jeux;
A l'ombre de vos cils soyeux
et sous vos paupières penchées:
Attendez! Mes baisers joyeux
les auront bientôt dénichées!
Vous feignez de dormir encor:
Eveillez vous, mon doux trésor!
L'aube pleure sous les feuillées,
Le ciel désert est plein d'ennui,
Ah! Ouvrez les yeux,
Et rendez lui les deux étoiles envolées.
Eveillez vous, mon doux trésor.

The Serenade

Fly, o serenade: My delight is alone,
and, with her beautiful abandoned head,
fly between her sheets: O serenade, fly.
the moon shines brightly, silence extends its wings,
and behind the shadow of the brown alcove
the lamp burns. The moon shines brightly.
Fly, o serenade, fly. Ah! there. Ah! there.
Fly, o serenade: My delight is alone;
but, still smiling half muted, returns between her sheets:
O serenade, fly.
The wave dreams on the shore, and the wind on the branch;
and my blonde lady still denies a place for my kisses.
The wave dreams on the shore.
Fly, o serenade, fly. Ah! there.

Poem of April

A frail rose, its heart filled with rain,
On a trembling branch has just opened
And I feel myself seized with sweet folly
To make songs and to remember!
The repressed loves which were asleep in my soul,
Sweet Lazarus on whom I have wept so many tears,
Raise, smiling, their shroud of flowers,
and demand the name of my new lady.
My blue eyed darling, put on your robe and let us flee
To the woods filled with shadow and melancholy
To search for the sweet remedy to sweet folly.
The sunshine has wounded me with its first rays!

The startled stars

Have just flown away from the heavens.
I know two of them which are hidden,
Darling, your pretty eyes;
In the shadow of your silky lashes
and under your lowered eyelids:
Wait! My joyous kisses
will soon rout them!
You are pretending still to sleep:
Awaken, my sweet treasure!
Dawn is weeping under the foliage,
The deserted sky is full of boredom,
Ah! Open your eyes,
And give back to it the two stolen stars.
Awaken, my sweet treasure!

Poème d'Avril (continued)

III.

Voici que les grands lys ont vêtu leur blancheur,
Sur les gazons tremblants l'aube étend sa fraîcheur;
c'est le printemps! c'est le matin! Double jeunesse!
Ma mie en s'éveillant m'a dit: le beau soleil!
le temps est donc venu que tout charme renaisse,
Partout des chants! Partout des fleurs!

Double réveil!

Mais la tiédeur de l'air rendant moins farouche,
je me penchai vers elle, et je posai ma bouche
sur son front et sur ses cheveux! Double trésor!

IV.

Riez-vous? ne riez-vous pas?
Quand vous l'avez dit tout à l'heure,
Ce mot! vous l'avez dit si bas!
Je n'ai pas compris, mais je pleure.
Riez-vous? ne riez-vous pas?
Pitié! votre bouche m'effleure.
Ce bruit! vous l'avez fait si bas!
Si c'est un baiser, que je meure!
Sur mon cou, je sens votre bras.
Vous m'avez baisé tout à l'heure!
Je n'ose y croire, mais je pleure.
Riez-vous? ne riez-vous pas?

V.

Le doux printemps a bu dans le creux de sa main
le premier pleur qu'au bois laissa tomber l'aurore;
vous aimerez demain, vous qui n'aimiez encore,
et vous qui n'aimiez, vous aimerez demain!
Le doux printemps a bu dans le creux de sa main,
Le printemps a cueilli dans l'air des fils de soie
pour lier sa chaussure et courir pas les bois.
Vous aimerez demain pour la première fois,
vous qui ne saviez pas cette immortelle joie.
Le printemps a cueilli dans l'air des fils de soie,
Le printemps a jeté des fleurs sur le chemin,
que mignonne remplit de son rire sonore.
Vous aimerez demain, vous qui n'aimiez encore,
et vous qui n'aimiez plus, vous aimerez demain!
Le printemps a jeté des fleurs sur le chemin.

Now that the great lilies have put on their whiteness,
Upon the waving lawns dawn spreads her freshness;
it is spring! it is morning! Double youth!
My love on awaking said to me: the beautiful sunshine!
the time has come when all love is reborn,
Everywhere songs! Everywhere flowers!

Double awakening!

But the softness of the air making her less shy,
I leaned toward her, and pressed my lips
on her brow and on her hair! Double treasure!

Are you laughing? Are you not laughing?
When you said a bit ago,
That word! You said it is so quietly!
I did not understand, but I am weeping.
Are you laughing? Are you not laughing?
Have mercy! Your lips touch me gently.
That sound! You made it so quietly!
It is a kiss, may I die!
Around my neck, I feel your arm.
You kissed me a bit ago!
I dare not believe it, but I am weeping.
Are you laughing? Are you not laughing?

Sweet spring has drunk from the hollow of her hand
the first teardrop which dawn let fall in the woods;
you will love tomorrow, you who were not yet in love,
and you who no longer loved, you will be in love
tomorrow!
Sweet spring has drunk from the hollow of her hand,
Spring has plucked from the air the the silken threads
to tie her slippers and to run through the woods.
You will love tomorrow for the first time,
you who did not know this immortal joy.
Spring has plucked from the air silken threads
Spring has strewn flowers along the way,
which my darling fills with her deep laughter.
You will love tomorrow, you who did not yet love,
and you who no longer loved, you will love tomorrow!
Spring has strewn flowers along the way.

Poème d'Avril (continued)

VI.

Que l'heure est donc brève, qu'on passe en aimant!
c'est moins qu'un moment, un peu plus qu'un rêve.
Le temps nous enlève notre enchantement.
Que l'heure est donc brève, qu'on passe en aimant!
En aimant!
Sous le flot dormant soupirait la grève;
m'aimas tu vraiment?
fût-ce seulement un peu plus qu'un rêve?
Que l'heure est donc brève, qu'on passe en aimant!
En aimant!

VII.

Sur la source elle se pencha:
La source doubla son image,
et ce fut un charmant mirage,
qu'un peu de vent effaroucha:
Sous les grands bois elle chanta:
L'oiseau doubla son chant sauvage,
et ce fut un charmant ramage,
que le vent lointain emporta.
Quand j'effleurai son doux visage,
sa bouche ma bouche doubla.
Le vent peut balayer la plage,
Mignonne, que me fait l'orage,
Ton baiser reste toujours là.
Ton baiser reste là, toujours là!

VIII.

Nous nous sommes aimés trois jours;
Trois jours elle me fut fidèle.
Trois jours___ La constance éternelle,
Et les éternelles amours!

Je pars! Adieu, ma chère âme,
garde bien mon souvenir!
Quoi! Si tôt partir, madame,
Ne devez-vous revenir?
Si, je reviendrai peut-être...
Si, bien sûr, je reviendrai!
Va m'attends à la fenêtre;
de plus loin te reverrai.
J'attends à la fenêtre le retour tant espéré,
Mais, ni bien sûr, ni peut-être,
ni jamais la reverrai!
Bien fol qui croit quand sa dame lui
jure de revenir.
Je meurs! Adieu! Adieu, ma chère âme,
J'ai gardé ton souvenir!

How brief then is the hour, that one spends while loving!
it is less than a moment, a little more than a dream.
Time steals from us our enchantment.
How brief then is the hour, that one spends while loving.
While loving!
Under the sleeping wave the strand sighed;
do you truly love me?
was it only a bit more than a dream?
How brief then is the hour, that one spends while loving!
While loving!

Over the fountain she leaned:
The fountain doubled her image,
and it was a charming mirage,
which a slight breeze ruffled:
Under the great woods she sang:
The bird doubled her free singing,
and it was a lovely warbling,
which the wind carried far away.
When I lightly touched her sweet face,
her lips doubled my lips.
The wind can sweep the beach,
Darling, that the storm makes for me,
Your kiss will always be there.
Your kiss will be there, always there!

We loved each other for three days;
Three days she was faithful to me.
Three days,___ Eternal constancy,
And eternal love!

I am leaving! Farewell, my beloved,
remember me well!
What! So soon gone, madame,
Are you not to come back?
Yes, I shall return perhaps...
Yes, certainly, I shall return!
Go wait for me at the window;
from afar I shall see you again.
I waited at the window the return so hoped for,
But neither surely, nor perhaps,
nor ever shall I see her again!
Very foolish is he who believes when
his lady swears to return.
I am dying! Farewell! Farewell, my darling
I have remembered you.

D'une Prison (Verlaine)

Le ciel est par dessus le toit, si bleu, si calme ...
Un arbre, par dessus le toit berce sa palme ...
La cloche dans le ciel qu'on voit, doucement tinte,
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit, chante sa plainte ...
Mon Dieu! La vie est là simple et tranquille!
Cette paisible rumeur là vient de la ville ...
Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà pleurant sans cesse,
Dis! qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà, de ta jeunesse?

Fumée (Moreas)

Compagne de l'éther, indolence fumée,
Je te ressemble un peu ...
Ta vie est d'un instant, la mienne est consumée;
Mais nous sortons du feu.
L'homme pour subsister, en recueillant la cendre,
Qu'il use ses genoux,
Sans plus nous soucier et sans jamais descendre,
Evanouissons-nous!

Infidélité (Gautier)

Voice l'orme qui balance
Son ombre sur le sentier;
Voici le jeune églantier,
Le bois où dort le silence,
Le banc de pierre où, le soir,
Nous aimions à nous asseoir.
Voici la voûte embaumée,
D'ébéniers et de lilas
Où, lorsque nous étions las,
Ensemble, ma bien-aimée,
Sous des guirlandes de fleurs,
Nous laissions fuir les chaleurs.
L'air est pur, le gazon doux ...
Rien, rien n'a donc changé ...que vous!

Mai

Depuis un mois, chère exilée,
Loin de mes yeux tu t'en allas,
Et j'ai vu fleurir les lilas
Avec ma peine inconsolée.
Seul, je fuis ce ciel clair et beau
Dont l'ardent effluve me trouble,
Car l'horreur de l'exil se double
De la splendeur du renouveau.
En vain le soleil a souri,
Au printemps je ferme ma porte,
Et veux seulement qu'on m'apporte
Un rameau de lilas fleuri!
Car l'amour dont mon âme est pleine
Y trouve parmi ses douleurs
Ton regard, dans ces chères fleurs,
Et dans leur parfum—ton haleine!

Of a Prison

The sky above the roof is so blue, so calm ...
A tree above the roof gently rocks its top ...
The bell one sees in the sky, softly rings,
The bird one sees in the tree, plaintively sings ...
My Lord! The Life there is simple and quiet!
This peaceful rumble comes from the city ...
What have you done, oh you, who now weeps endlessly,
Say! what have you done, you, with your youth?

Smoke

Companion of the ether, indolent smoke,
I slightly resemble you ...
Your life lasts a moment, mind is consumed,
But we come forth from fire.
Man, in order to exist, must gather ashes,
while on his knees.
No longer caring, and never descending to earth,
Let us vanish!

Here is the elm tree that rocks
Its shadow on the path;
Here is the young wild rosebush,
The forest, where silence slumbers,
The stone bench, where at eventide
We love to sit.
Here is the fragrant canopy
Of ebony trees and lilacs,
Where, when we became tired,
Together, my beloved,
Under garlands of flowers
We evaded the heat of day.
The air is pur, the grass is fragrant ...
Nothing, nothing at all has changed ...but you!

May

It is a month, dear exiled one,
Since you went away, far from my sight,
and I have seen lilacs blooming
With my pain still disconsolate.
Alone, I flee this clear and lovely sky
Whose intense radiation troubles me,
For the misery of the exile is deepened
By the splendour of life reborn.
In vain the sun has smiled,
To Spring I close my door,
And I wish only that one should bring me
A branch of lilac in bloom,
For the love with which my soul is filled
Despite its anguish would find
In these lovely flowers your image,
And in their fragrance,—your breath!

Der Musikant

Wandern lieb ich für mein Leben,
Lebe eben wie ich kann,
Wollt ich mir auch Mühe geben,
Passt es mir doch gar nicht an.

Schöne alte Leider weiß ich,
In der Kalte, ohne Schuh
Draußen in die Saiten reiß ich,
Weiß nicht, wo ich abends ruh.

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,
Meinet, ich gefiel' ihr sehr,
Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,
So ein armer Lump nicht wär.

Mag der Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,
Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!
Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,
Möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

Die Nacht

Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer,
Lust und Leid und Liebesklagen
Kommen so verworren her
In dem linden Wellenschlagen.

Wünsche wie die Wolken sind
Schiffen durch die stillen Räume,
Wer erkennt im lauen Wind,
Ob's Gedanken oder Träume?—

Schließ ich nun auch Herz und Mund,
Die so gern den Sternen klagen:
Leise doch im Herzensgrund
Bleibt das linde Wellenschlagen.

The Musician

Journeying is my life's love,
and I live as I may,
and were I to exert myself,
it would not suit at all.

Beautiful old songs I know
and shoeless, in the cold,
I pluck my strings in the open,
know not where at eve I'll rest.

Many a beauty gives me looks,
says she would fancy me
if I'd make something of myself,
were not such a beggar wretch.

May God give you a husband,
provide a house and home.
If we two were together,
my singing might then end.

The Night

Night is like a quiet sea,
joy and sorrow and love's lament
sound so confusing in the soft
splashing of the waves.

Wishes are like clouds,
they navigate through quiet spaces,
who recognizes in the soft wind
Whether they are thoughts or dreams?

I close my heart and lips,
so given to reproaching the stars,
deep in my heart softly
lingers the splashing of waves.

Der Stänchen

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen
Wolken schaut der Mond herfür,
Ein Student dort auf den Gassen
Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder
Durch die stille Einsamkeit,
Und der Wald vom Berge nieder,
wie in alter, schöne Zeit.

So in meinen jungen Tagen,
Hab ich manche Sommernacht
Auch die Laute hier geschlagen
Und manch lust'ges Lied erdacht.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle
Trugen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh,
Und du, fröhlicher Geselle,
Singe, sing nur immer zu!

Der Schreckenberger

Aufs Wohlsein meiner Dame,
Eine Windfahn ist ihr Panier,
Fortuna ist ihr Name,
Das Lager ihr Quartier!

Und wendet sich weiter,
Ich kümmer mich nicht drum,
Da draußen ohne Reiter,
Da geht die Welt so dumm.

Statt Pulverblitz und Knattern
Aus jedem wüsten Haus
Gevattern sehn und schnattern
Alle Lust zum Land hinaus.

Fortuna weint vor Ärger,
Es rinnet Perl auf Perl.
"Wo ist der Schreckenberger?
Das war ein andrer Kerl."

Sie tut den Arm mir reichen,
Fama bläst das Geleit,
So zu dem Tempel steigen
Wir der Unsterblichkeit.

The Serenade

From pallid cloud the moon
looks across roofs,
in the street, a student
sings at his love's door.

And again, fountains murmur
in the still and loneliness,
and the woods on the mountain
murmur, as in good old times.

So, in my young days,
often on a summer's night,
I too plucked my lute here
and invented merry songs.

But from that silent door
my love has been taken to rest.
As for you, happy man,
just sing on, sing on!

Here is a toast to my lady,
a weathervane is her banner,
Fortune is her name,
the camp her dwelling!

And if she leaves me,
I don't care,
What is the outside world
without a fearless rider?

Instead of flashing and rattling
from every deserted house,
you hear old wise acres talking and
chattering all the pleasure of the world to death.

Fortune is weeping in vexation,
the tear fall down her cheeks.
"Where is the Schreckenberger?
He was a real man."

She offers her arm to me,
the trumpets of fame accompany us,
and so we ascend together to
the temple of immortality.

Variation on the Word *Sleep*

I would like to watch you sleeping,
which may not happen.
I would like to watch you,
sleeping. I would like to sleep
with you, to enter
your sleep as its smooth dark wave
slides over my head

and walk with you through that lucent
wavering forest of bluegreen leaves
with its watery sun & three moons
towards the cave where you must descend,
towards your worst fear

I would like to give you the silver
branch, the small white flower, the one
word that will protect you
from the grief at the center
of your dream, from the grief
at the center. I would like to follow
you up the long stairway
again & become
the boat that would row you back
carefully, a flame
in two cupped hands
to where your body lies
beside me, and you enter
it as easily as breathing in

I would like to be the air
that inhabits you for a moment
only. I would like to be that unnoticed
& that necessary.

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Acknowledgement

Well, this is it! There were so many twists in the road to my University career, and many yet to come in my twisted life's path! My journey would have been unbearable without the presence of many people.

First off is my family, Sue, Rosaire, James, and Amy: its been quite a year, eh? Thank you very much for your unconditional and exceptionally strong support; I love you guys more than words could ever express!

Scott: I swear I'll make it to Vancouver before my live is over! Thanks a lot for your love and support; you're my long-distance life-line. Cory: I'm okay, you're okay, right? Your presence in the last year has been very much appreciated, even if I can't say so enough. By the way, you said it wrong; it's HoHoBa! Nina, my Bunny-Buns: a better room mate, soul mate, pasta-mate, and goddess could never be found! ——love Pooky Lenesque!

Shonda: the voice of frankness and honesty, thanks for everything. Opera would've been unbearable without you and remember: "Tell him he is a nice cat... Tell him he is a pretty cat!" "I will feed him!"

Julie: Glad you started shaving, it was unreal! You are a sweetheart! How's this outfit, huh? Love you!

And for everyone else: Carmen (3 weeks to get cable is pretty good don't you think?); Karyn (opera, musical theatre? try psychology—there's less mental anguish!); Mike (How's Wednesday?); Jody (just listen to this!); John (this one's for tenors who do think!); Gaitaine (How 'bout that Buddhism paper!); Sharon (My spider sense was tingling today...); and everybody else whose around school and my life!!

Harold, thanks for 3 years of continuing support, and for asking me every other lesson if I was 22 or not, or whether I'd heard the PRISONER'S chorus or not!

And for Corey, Paul, Allison and Amritha for making this recital possible.

Thanks again everyone!